

## A COUNTRY DOCTOR

The provincial young man has never possessed any attractions for me, and it is certain that if I had not gone up north to stay with Daisy Drysdale I should never have known so well such a striking specimen of the type as Dr. Wedmore. He was a staid young man of thirty-two, with nondescript features and a slow, portentous manner. He had a large and increasing practice in the suburb of Northward, where his medical skill was in constant request among the spinners and widows of that somewhat damp and chilly neighborhood. So highly esteemed were his services in the sickroom that these ladies would send for him at all hours of the day or night until the good doctor in self defense took to sending his red haired assistant to some of his more flagrant malades imaginaires.

Daisy Drysdale's husband was a manufacturer in Mudechester, and like other manufacturers, he lived as far away from the factory chimneys of that thriving city as possible. So his brand new red brick mansion lay on the other side of the suburb of Northward, and the society of Northward supplied nearly all Mrs. Drysdale's intellectual recreation. Poor Daisy! How she missed the city! She had a genius for giving little dinners, but of what use was that, seeing the component elements of which her parties were to be henceforth composed? Still she was not to be baffled, and Mrs. Drysdale constantly entertained. The night after I arrived one of these dinners was given in my honor, and I was sent down to the dining room with Dr. Wedmore.

I shall not easily forget that night. Accustomed to the manifestly insincere gushings of London young men, I was astonished at the naive manner in which this country Esculapius tried in vain to hide his sudden admiration. It came out in every word and look. It was a case of "love at first sight" on the part of Dr. Wedmore. Before I left the dinner table he had offered to lend me a horse, proposed that he should drive me to a meet ten miles off and expressed a wish that I should know his three sisters.

But the next time I saw him my head was tied up in a flannel shawl and my throat was so swollen I could hardly speak. The doctor had been called in professionally. The climate of Mudechester had been too much for me, and I was down with a malignant sore throat.

The doctor came every day, and once he came twice, to work a patent inhaler and paint my throat with some mysterious compound. He constantly changed the treatment. It was as if he could never do enough. He even used to bring me flowers—and who ever heard of a doctor taking his patient flowers? Daisy was convulsed with amusement. She said that when she was ill she sometimes used to have to send for Dr. Wedmore two or three times before he appeared, he was so busy.

At the end of a week I was better, and in ten days I was quite well. I really felt very grateful, for I knew that the doctor had saved me by his constant care from a dangerous illness. I wonder if he took my gratitude for something stronger? Anyway, as I told Christina when she scolded me for the whole affair, it was not my fault. I hadn't fallen in love with Dr. Wedmore; that's all.

The thing came quickly to a crisis. We were all invited to spend an evening at the doctor's house. In the north they have a mysterious meal called "high tea," which is apparently a source of no little comfort and even of self righteousness. It enables the partakers thereof to allude wistfully to the habit of "late dinners" indulged in by the inhabitants of the south. And so, if you are invited out in Northward, be sure you will be regaled on tea and cold chicken (fearful mixture), on hot cakes, jam, marmalade and currant buns. To this evening meal, then, we were bidden by Dr. Wedmore.

He lived alone with his sisters, who were curiously like him. They were all staidish, with nondescript features and had slow and somewhat pompous manners. To see all four of them together inclined one to indecent mirth. It was impossible to be more worthy, more dull and more self satisfied. The Misses Wedmore were considered to have a pretty taste for art; they painted everything within reach with sprawling red roses or startling white daisies, and the doctor was of opinion that his sisters' artistic talent was of the first order. Miss Ada, too, sang songs by Pinsuti and Milton Wellings. The doctor liked Miss Ada's vocal efforts. While Miss Emily was literary, she assiduously read Miss Edna Lyall and Rider Haggard, and of these authors we discussed solemnly until "tea" was announced.

The air was full of ominous portents. The doctor's manner, when he invited me for the second time to partake of cold chicken or pressed upon me with northern hospitality, the current cake was full of certain protecting pride, while a humbly conquering expression was in his eyes when they rested upon me. It was with "intention," as the French say, that he showed me the photograph album, full of aunts and cousins, after tea, and the good doctor looked quite sentimental when later on Miss Ada warbled a romance, with a waltz accompaniment, entitled "The Love That Will Never Fade." I began to feel cold all down my back.

Five times did I get up, cross the room, engage either of the solemn Misses Wedmore in feverish conversation—I always ended by finding the doctor at my elbow. At last I resigned myself to my fate and sat down to talk to him. I imagined that the state of drains in the suburbs of Northward would be a safe subject and one unlikely to lead to a declaration of a tender nature, but in this, it appeared, I was mistaken. We got on to the subject of fevers, and to convince me on a certain point the doctor suggested a reference to one of the medical books in his surgery. Once inside the little room, which lay just across the passage, Dr. Wedmore shut the door and advanced toward me with that particular expression which is so intolerable in a young man one doesn't care for.

I put on my most indifferent manner and inspected with much interest the rows of medical books in their glass cases.

"So kind of you," I said hurriedly to fill up the dreadful pause, "to take so much trouble. Most doctors only laugh at one if one wants to know any real fact—about your dreadful trade," I added, with flippancy, seeing that the man was not listening to a word I was saying, but was gazing at me as the snake is popularly supposed to regard the sparrow.

"Trouble," he said at last. "How can anything be a trouble that is done for you? I wish you would let me tell you how much I—how much I—"

A sharp rap at the door interrupted this speech. A servant came in.

"Please, sir, Mr. Brown is very bad, and Mrs. Brown says will you come at once and bring some of the drops, and she hopes you won't be long."

"A three mile drive," said Dr. Wedmore, with a sigh, "and I shall not see you again tonight." He took my hand and held it fast.

"I will bring the book tomorrow morning," he said. "Shall I have a chance of seeing you alone? Try to be alone when I come." And, wrenching my hand violently, the doctor disappeared.

"Daisy," I said hurriedly in the carriage going home, "I am sorry to say, dear, I shall have to go home by the 10:15 tomorrow. I—I had a telegram just before we came out."

"You had a fiddlestick! What nonsense, Peggy! Why, you came to stay a month, and you're hardly been twelve days."

"Twelve days! Good heavens! Why, how has he?"

"Oh, it's that, is it? And so you don't like him? Well, I think you are silly. You might do much worse. How much better to marry some one like that than some of your flipperty city men! He's sensible, clever, a good fellow, well off and very fond of you."

"The 10:15, please, Daisy."

"And sure enough, by the 10:15 I went. As the fields flew before me on my rapid journey homeward the whole thing seemed like some nightmare from which I had just awoke. Great heavens! From what had I not escaped? A lifetime of high tea, suburban gossip and provincial self sufficiency, of rose bedecked door panels, the novels of Mr. Rider Haggard and "The Love That Will Never Fade."

I am very fond of Daisy Drysdale, but it will be a long time before I again trust myself to the seductions of that suburb of Mudechester.

Browning's Courtesy.

On one occasion Robert Browning's son had hired a room in a neighboring house in order to exhibit his pictures there, and during the temporary absence of the artist Mr. Browning was doing the honors to a room full of fashionable friends.

He was standing near the door when an unannounced visitor made her appearance, and of course he shook hands with her, greeting her as he had the other arrivals.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed. "But, please, sir, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett asked me to come and see his pictures."

"And I am very glad to see you," returned Mr. Browning, with ready courtesy. "Take my arm, and I will show you round."

La Grippe Quickly Cured.

In the winter of 1898 and 1899 I was taken down with a severe attack of what is called La Grippe," says F. L. Hewitt, a prominent druggist of Winfield, Ill. "The only medicine I used was two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It broke up the cold and stopped the coughing like magic, and I have never since been troubled with Grippe." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy can always be depended upon to break up a severe cold and ward off any threatened attack of pneumonia. It is pleasant to take, too, which makes it the most desirable and one of the most popular preparations in use for these ailments. For sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

## THE OLDEST MONASTERY.

It Dates Back to the Fifth Century and is Most Inaccessible.

The oldest monastery in the world is Marenba, a fortress that clings to the top and sides of a rocky cliff at the end of Kedron valley, near the Dead Sea.

It's the weirdest place that man ever happened on, with only the cries of the jackal and the call of the night birds to break the frightful stillness that broods over the land. It is a destroyed stronghold of the crusaders and the tomb of a nomad chieftain, Sheikh Messiaf.

In the early part of the fifth century the Sabaites took possession of it. This was an order of monks of which San Sabas was the superior. The larger part of the monastery was built by them. Their numbers finally so increased that the monastery would not hold them all, and 10,000 took up their abode in rock caves in the mountain opposite. Four thousand remained in the monastery proper. In the seventh century the Persian hordes attacked and plundered them. After that a castlelike tower was built to serve as a defense.

Later another tower was added to it, and, strange to relate, this last was a monument to a woman's love. It was built by the Empress Eudoxia, that she might dwell in it and so be near to Euthymius, a monk with whom she had fallen in love because he represented, as she declared, her ideal of manhood.

Euthymius, however, was noted for his sanctity, and he would not violate his vow. He refused to see the lady, and he even fled from her to the Moabite desert, beyond the Jordan. Finally the empress left her post never to return, and the tower was annexed as a part of the monastery.

It is now used as a lookout, and a watchman is constantly stationed there. When a visitor knocks and knocks repeatedly, he at last opens a small window in the tower and looks out to demand the letter of introduction from the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem, without which none is ever permitted to enter.

When once inside, visitors are practically prisoners, for the iron bolts of the great door are quickly slipped in place, and there is no other exit. Within a paved courtyard is a small Roman chapel, containing the tomb of San Sabas. An outer veranda in the courtyard leads to the Church of St. Nicholas, one of the oldest in Palestine.

Just Wait.

"Hello, Charley! I haven't seen you since I was married!" said a newly married man to a friend he chanced to meet down on Main street.

"No," replied the friend. "You have been so devoted to home of late that no one has seen you."

"Yes, I don't hang around as I used to."

"You are just like I was," said the other, who had been married for some years. "Just found the society of the wife enough, eh?"

"Yes. We do not tire of each other."

"Just like I was. I suppose you think it will never change, eh? Just always will be the same, I suppose."

"I don't think I will change."

"Just like I was. I suppose she has not asked you for a fifty dollar suit when you only had \$15 the day before pay day."

"No, of course not."

"You just wait!" And he turned on his heel and walked off down the street.—Salt Lake Herald.

A Merciful Judge.

To be sentenced to imprisonment for the term of one's natural life is hard enough, but to be consigned to a dungeon cell for a couple of thousand years is indeed harrowing. Yet foreign judges not infrequently impose sentences of several centuries without it being considered anything remarkable.

A young man was arrested in Vienna a couple of years ago who upon his own showing should have been sentenced to 2,500 years' imprisonment. A total of 400 charges was brought against him, and he was convicted and sentenced on all of them. But the judge was a merciful man, and in passing sentence he threw off a thousand years in consideration of the man's youth.

Tailless Cats.

Conditions other than those of mere breeding seem to have much influence on the development of physical character in cats. In one authenticated case a tabby which had lost her tail by having that appendage run over gave birth in her next litter to three stump tailed kittens out of seven. The Manx cat is not the only tailless variety. In the Crimée is found another kind of cat which has no tail. The domesticated Malay cat has a tail that is only about one-half the usual length, and very often it is tied by nature in a sort of knot which cannot be straightened out.

How to Cure the Grip.

Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed and a quick recovery is sure to follow. That remedy counteracts any tendency of the grip to result in pneumonia, which is really the only serious danger. Among the tens of thousands who have used it for the grip not one case has ever been reported that did not recover. For sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

Man's loose actions often get him in a tight place.

## PEARL NECKLACES.

How the Gems Are Matched and Graded Before Stringing.

Pearls arrive from India and other parts of the world in small bunches, with silver tassel ends. They are then handed to the stringer, who lays them out upon a long velvet covered tray furnished with grooves of various sizes and depths. The pearls are then put into the grooves ready to be matched. Presuming a rope has to be made of fairly fine stones, the first thing to be done is to pick out the largest and finest pearl and place it alone in one of the large grooves. This forms the center of the rope. Then the two next best pearls of equal color, size and shape are picked out and placed one on each side of the center pearl, then the next two, and so on until the two ends are reached. They are then temporarily threaded and, if no alteration is necessary, strung again, and the diamond clasp is attached.

Every woman who values her pearls has them restrung at regular intervals, so that there is little risk of them being lost.

Curiously enough, this particular industry has been for generations in the hands of one family, which, it is needless to say, is well known among all who have dealings with these precious gems, and it is by this family that so many of the beautiful necklaces and collarettes of pearls are made and fitted so perfectly to their fortunate owners' necks.—London Ladies' Field.

New York's Flower Traffic.

Some idea of the magnitude of the New York flower trade may be obtained from the costliness of the floral decorations on certain notable occasions. A million dollars is spent every year in New York on wedding flowers alone. To decorate a church like St. Bartholomew's, even with a marked degree of simplicity, costs at least \$1,000. At Christmas and Easter the New York churches fairly bloom with lilies. One New York florist raises in his greenhouses 50,000 lilies for Easter decorations alone. At the balls given in New York the floral decorations are unrivaled in the world.

Palms, ferns and the other greens which are the bases of all decorations are on most occasions supplied by florists making a specialty of growing plants for that purpose. The class of plants fitted for decoration are often difficult of increase and slow of growth and are therefore more valuable than the common plants. They are rarely bought when used at public dinners or even private receptions, but are hired for about half their value.—Everybody's Magazine.

Out of Sight.

"Yes, I have a pretty big mouth, for a fact," admitted the candid man, "but I have learned to keep it shut, and that counts for something when you take your levels. I received a lesson when I was a small boy that I have never forgotten. I was born and brought up on a farm, and I had the country boy habit of going around with my mouth wide open, especially if there was anything unusual going on. One day an uncle, whom I had not seen for years, paid us a visit."

"Hello, uncle!" said I, looking up at him with my mouth opened like a barn door.

"He looked at me for a moment without answering and then said: 'Close your mouth, sonny, so I can see who you are.'"

"I took the lesson to my heart and resolved that from that day I would not allow my mouth to conceal my identity."—Detroit Free Press.

A Sarcastic Professor.

One day in his classroom at the university at Berkeley Professor Bernard Moses began to illustrate a point he had been making by quoting at length a passage in French from one of the political economists of the University of Paris. A student ventured to interrupt, remarking that the recitation, however valuable, would have more significance for him if the professor should render it into English.

"Do you not speak French?" Professor Moses asked. "I regret to state that I do not," rejoined the student.

"In that case," replied the professor, preparing to continue with the quotation, "I should advise you to get up early some morning before breakfast and learn it."

A London Custom.

Since 1877 the alderman of London has annually presented to the high officers of the state, such as lord chancellor, the lord chief justice, the home secretary and the foreign secretary, as well as certain officials of the city, pieces of cloth, which in the case of the town clerk reaches the maximum of twelve yards. This custom of guilds and corporations clothing their members led, it is said, to the origin of the liveries of the various companies.

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## Still Held the Blue Ribbon.

Not so many years ago there was a veteran teacher in the boy's high school who often made his classes wince under the lash of his bitter sarcasm and ready wit. One day a half-starved yellow cur strayed into the school and the boys thought they saw a chance to express their feelings towards "Fussy" who was busy in another room. The frightened mongrel was picked up, quickly fitted with a pair of large wire spectacles and placed on the teacher's chair. "Fussy" entered the room, walked to his desk, calmly surveyed the work of his pupils, and then, turning to them, pleasantly said: "In my absence I see you have had a business meeting and elected one of your number chairman."—Argonaut.

**E. H. Brown**

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Among the birds that are living a higher life, it is the female bird who carries the hod during building time. The husband sits about on twigs and tells her how to do it. A woodpecker should be a very pariah among decent birds. The moment a woodpecker's mate gets through nesting, he tells her "to take her clothes and go"—then he establishes himself in the house she has built—and she goes and builds another for winter. She is fool enough to take another woodpecker to boss the job, if she can find one willing, but as a general thing all the male woodpeckers at that time are as comfortably provided for as her legitimate spouse, so she has to work without getting kicked for it.

**Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.**

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The ancient city of Babylon seems to have been protected from floods by high brick embankments on both sides of the Euphrates, while an immense reservoir was constructed into which the whole river might be turned through an artificial canal. This great reservoir, used for irrigation in times of drought, held sufficient water to irrigate over 2,500,000 acres.

The first drink of whiskey makes a wry face. By and by it means a "rye nose."

The uses of Adversity are never so sweet as when we are able to draw moral deductions from the misfortunes of some one else.

If the flesh were not weak and the spirit strong, there could not possibly be such a variety in corset shapes as we see from year to year.

A Newark man shot his brother-in-law in a mistake for a pigeon. The brother-in-law must have been a bird. The other fellow made a goose of himself.

There is a man in a Cincinnati hospital suffering with a complication of delirium tremens, pneumonia and unrequited love. He is what might be termed a very sick person.

The man who boasts of being high-spirited is nearly always a little off in the upper story.

Great thoughts deteriorate by passing through small minds. Even the hurricane makes but sorry music when it attempts to whistle through a keyhole.

Probably the women who want to vote would compromise on being allowed to make stump speeches.

But few good things come to the average man. He must go after them.

A good word in behalf of others costs you little and is worth much.

**EUREKA HARNESS OIL**

Sold everywhere in cans of all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas at Anderson, S. C., and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscriber at the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated February 24, A. D. 1902.

By E. G. McADAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

To the Defendant, Kate Galloway:

Take notice that the Complaint and Summons, which the above is a copy, was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Anderson, in the State of South Carolina, on January 18, 1902.

By E. G. McADAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Feb 24, 1902



**WHAT A FEMALE REGULATOR IS**

A vegetable liquid for governing or equalizing the flow of women's menses which occur about once in every lunar month.

**BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator**

Is the essential quality of powerful herbs, effective, reliable and harmless in nature, simplicity and so on.

It is a concentrated essence best adapted for women's delicate organism, and put in such form that it is not only palatable, but can be properly assimilated and taken into the system.

Stoppages, suppression, painful obstruction, irregularity of the menses and sickly flowers are corrected and cured by the regular administration of this superior emmenagogue.

Menstruation, or periodic flows, necessitate a breaking down of cells lining the mucous membrane and a reconstruction after every sickness, which is accompanied with marked congestion and loss of blood. Such changes are very apt to produce chronic catarrh, Leucorrhoea or Whites is the result of these irritating discharges. Bradfield's Female Regulator restores the perfect health of the patient who suffered the debilitating losses. Buy of druggists, \$1.00 per bottle.

Our illustrated book, "Perfect Health for Women," free.

**THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.**

ATLANTA, GA.

**ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC!**

Goes direct to the blood and cures Chills, Fevers, Malaria, and restores appetite and health. It puts new blood in your veins.

It cures quickly, surely, and tastes good.

**Price 25c.**

Being guaranteed to us we guarantee—

**ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC**

to our customers.

**ORR, GRAY & CO.; EVANS PHARMACY. DENDY DRUG CO.**

**BEST BREED CHICKENS A SPECIALTY!**

Barred Plymouth Rock. White Plymouth Rock. Silver Wyandottes. Brown Leghorns. Purity guaranteed. Eggs for sale. Carefully packed for shipping.

**L. S. MATTISON, Anderson, S. C.**

Jan 22, 1902

**Low Rates and Maps ALL POINTS NORTH and WEST.**

**J. G. HOLLENBECK,**

District Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville R. R.

No. 1 Brown Building, Op. Union Depot, ATLANTA, GA.

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST FEVER MEDICINE.**

For all forms of fever take Johnson's Cold and Fever Tonic. It is 100 times better than quinine and does a single day what slow quinine cannot do in 20 days. Quinine cures are in striking contrast with the feeble cures made by quinine.

**E. G. McADAMS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ANDERSON, S. C.**

Office in Judge of Probate's office, in Court House.

To Stockholders of Peoples Store.

A MEETING of the Stockholders of the Peoples Store of Piedmont, S. C., is hereby called for March 20th, 1902, at 12 m., at the Company's Store, for the purpose of increasing the Capital Stock to an amount not exceeding \$20,000 in all. Stock to the amount of \$7,200 to be preferred over common stock as to annual accumulative dividends to extent of 8 per cent. and as to principal.

By Order of Board of Directors. J. B. SPEARMAN, Pres. W. O. CALLAHAN, Mgr.

Feb 17, 1902

**Corn** removes from the soil large quantities of **Potash.**

The fertilizer applied, must furnish enough Potash, or the land will lose its producing power.

Read carefully our books on crops—sent free.

**GERMAN KALI WORKS,** 93 Nassau St., New York.

**Foley's Kidney Cure** makes kidneys and bladder right.

**BANK OF ANDERSON.**

J. A. BROCK, President. JOS. N. BROWN, Vice President. B. F. MAULDIN, Cashier.

THE largest, strongest Bank in the County.

**Interest Paid on Deposits**

By special agreement. With unsurpassed facilities and resources we are at all times prepared to accommodate our customers.

Jan 10, 1900

**Peoples Bank of Anderson**

Moved into their Banking House, and are open for business and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

Interest paid on time deposits by agreement.

**Mutual Fire Insurance Co.**

HAS written 1000 Policies and have a little over \$550,000.00 insurance in force. The Policies are for small amounts, usually, and the risks are well scattered. We are carrying this insurance at less than one-half of what the old line companies would charge.

We make no extra charge for insurance against wind. They do.

J. R. Vandiver, President. Directors—R. S. Hill, J. J. Fretwell, W. G. Watson, J. J. Major, J. P. Glenn, B. C. Martin, R. B. A. Robinson, John G. Duworth.

R. J. GINN, Agent, Starr, S. C.